

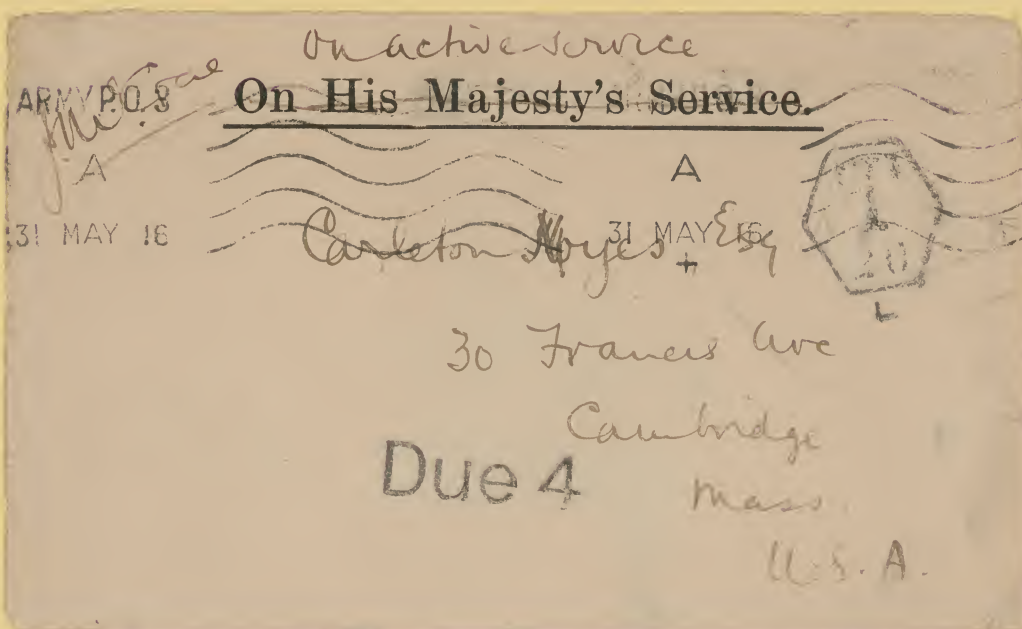
In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields, the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch - be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae



There are lots of trees and flowers
and the birds run riot all the
time: larks and nightingales
everywhere.

Speaking of larks reminds me of
the enclosed — it has had a (I
say it modestly) surprising vogue,
and has been a good deal copied.
It came out in Punch last Decr.

and

The mail is just ready, so I
abridge. My love to you both,
and I look forward to the happy
days when I shall see you.

Yours
Jack

Gift of
May Melcarfe
Mrs. Carleton Doyce
Class of 1904
R.V.H.

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